

The Gallant
Hermaphrodite.
An Amorous
NOVEL.

Translated from the *French*,
OF
The *Sieur de Chavigny*.

Licensed, *June 7. 1687.* R. P.

L O N D O N :
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M DC LXXXVII.

The College

Thomas Shepard

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The Preface.

W*Ere it not to put an end to the Booksellers Importunities, I should not trouble you with a Preface; but having given him the Novel, I am not to oblige him by halves. Though I am altogether at a loss what to say, when I call to mind the Reflection of a witty Author,*

*In vain the Preface doth for Favour plead,
Where the damn'd Book displeases all that read.*

For whatsoever this Piece of the Sieur de Chavigny be in the Original, I am sure it has suffer'd much in my hands. Translations are for the most part like a Suit of Arras, turn'd the wrong side outwards; and therefore you must expect to find This full of Knots and Thrums, since 'tis my first Coup d'Essay (as Sir Fopling says) in this kind. Such as it is, I make a free Present of it to the lovely Sex, in

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hopes

The Preface.

hopes of their Patronage; especially to that part of it who have a Kindness for what is originally French. As to those Ladies who delight in the sight of the Elephants, Hairy Maids, Turks, &c. I hope our Gallant Hermaphrodite will be kindly entertain'd by them, since they may, without scandal, even in their Alcoves, freely view and converse with this-----what shall we call it?

Sir, or Madam, chuse you whether;
Nature twists them both together.

All the further Favour I desire, Ladies, is, that you would put bounds to your Curiosity, and not endeavour to pull off my disguise; but content your selves with laughing at my Pains, without laughing at my Face. But if any of you will be so malicious to lay this Monster of a Translation at my door, I am resolv'd, in revenge, impudently to maintain 'tis a Bastard of your own, and falsely put upon me to Father.

The Gallant

Hermaphrodite.

A *Rragon, Portugal, and Ca-*
stile, acknowledged each
 of them a Sovereign;
 this last Court, where
 Magnificence reign'd,
 attracted from the Borders of the *West*
 and *South*, so great a concourse of
 young Princes, that it had been very
 hard, should it not have serv'd for a
 Theatre to some extraordinary Ad-
 venture. Some publick Sports insti-
 tuted for the Exercise of such Illustri-
 ous young Persons, and in the cele-
 bration of which, those of both Sexes
 had chang'd their Names to those of
 some *Deity* in Poetry, gave birth to
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the first Flames of a young Prince of the Royal Family of *Braganza*, nam'd *Alphonfus*, who represented *Mercury*; and to the mutual inclinations of the Dutcheſs *Anna Iphigenia*, the High Admiral's Daughter, who perſonated *Flora*. That nimble God having bore away the honour of the Courſe, this *Goddeſs* preſented him with a Chaplet of Flowers (as an Emblem of her Divinity) with ſo good a grace, that he could not forbear from requiting her agreeable ways of procedure, by the return of his Heart. He ſtay'd not for the day following the Feaſt, to ſhew her how ſenſible he was of the Favour which he had receiv'd from her, more valuing the having receiv'd the Garland from ſo fair a Perſon's hands, than the having gain'd the Victory. He declared to her openly before all the Court, that ſhe triumph'd over the Conquerour, and laid at her feet the Prize with which his Valour and Addreſs had been recompenc'd.

penc'd. 'Twas from this moment, that these two tender Hearts were united, that they began to sigh the one for the other, and that they form'd an inviolable Union. If *Mercury* grew passionately in love with *Flora*, *Flora* was in love with *Mercury*; so that they courted every occasion to signalize their love to each other.

Iphigenia had all the Charms that could render a Princess of sixteen infinitely lovely, and the young Prince who was about two and twenty, was endow'd with all the Qualities that accomplish a Grandee. The love that *Alphonfus* conceiv'd for this Sovereign Beauty, was from its birth, of the character of that which is term'd vehement. It made a noise at Court, insomuch that the *Queen*, whose Vertue had drawn this young *Princess* from another Court, fearing lest so mutual and strong a Passion might produce something prejudicial to the Ladies Honour, took her into the

number of her Favourites, that she might keep her always by her, and committed her to the care of an old *Governess*, whose Eyes it was very difficult for her to deceive. Nevertheless, as Love is exasperated by Resistance, the more Obstacles *Alphonsus* found to surmount, the more his Passion increased. There was no opportunity offered it self of entertaining privately the *Dutchess Iphigenia*, which he let slip. He very rarely was out of her presence, insomuch that he gave occasion to some other young Lords to divert themselves, at his cost, so far, that one of the wittiest amongst them compos'd this Raillery upon his Affiduities.

Of his Devoir himself t'acquit,

Alphonsus every-where does watch,
(With his best Care and utmost Wit)

A Glance from the bright Fair to
catch;

But

*But hardly doth he her espie,
 When at the presence of her Charms,
 Struck with the Lustre of her Eye,
 He yields his Heart up to her Arms.*

All the Precautions of her who watcht our fair ones Conduct, could not deprive *Alphonsus* of the pleasure of entertaining her often in private. The more the *Queen*, who lookt upon their Alliance as impossible (for very different reasons than those which hindred it indeed) oppos'd their desires, the more their Love became impatient, and contriv'd means to surprize the vigilance of the Governess. *Iphigenia* bethought her self to make a Visit to the *Princess Christina*, *Alphonsus's* Sister, with whom she was very familiar; but as he was at variance with her, he could hardly resolve to sacrifice the resentment of many stinging Reproaches which she had made him, to some sweet moments that might be recovered else

where. This Consideration induc'd our Illustrious Fair One (to avoid disobliging the *Queen*, and opening a hundred young Ladies mouths who would railly her Passion) to propose to Prince *Alphonfus* a Truce, to whom she suggested the common Correspondence by Letters. Nevertheless, as all things are discovered at long run, and as it is difficult to find trusty *Confidants* at Court, our Illustrious Lovers sufficiently thought upon the intercepting of their Letters, to agree together of a way to conceal their intelligence from the curiosity of People that are apt to laugh. They contriv'd then to reject the first word of every Line as useless to the sence, and to search after the Coherency of the Discourse, in skipping over one word to the next, and so going backwards again in the same manner, being at the end, even to the beginning. This is a Copy of the Letter which the Amorous Prince

Prince made, according to this mystery.

The Irregular Order of Prince Alphonfus his Letter.

THE the Answer Destiny an of
with great me men honour
curious) is Lovers more of cruel faithful
will) than most the the Destiny faith
of his those of of day a this meaner you
be) fortune makes if that we engage-
enrag'd) ment were the of Flora that
charming Rank approve we resolution
not) should generous be a freer of what
to) capable always is Slaves age in our
our that independency see when them
enter) shall make I shall be we able love
into) to in say passionately that am I I
adore that you sensible extreamly but
our) because are that you you if are
Union absolutely our lovely to what
Secrets) bring so can ever Interest
hindrance.

This innocent Artifice succeeded ill to our Lovers. How faithful soever a Maid of the Dutchess *Iphigenia* seem'd to *Alphonsus*, and whatsoever protestations she made him to put his Letter faithfully into her Mistress's hands; the Governess so absolutely disposed of all her Domesticks, frighted by her threats, that she intercepted the Letter, whereof notwithstanding she could not understand the sence. She made a Copy of it to be taken, which she went to communicate to the *Queen*, and ordered that the Original should be delivered in secret to the young Dutchess.

The *Queen* trusted this mysterious Note with her *Secretary*, who after an hours meditation, decypher'd it with much ease, and read it thus.

Prince

Prince *Alphonfus's* Letter, in its
natural Order.

THE *Destiny of great men is more cruel than the Destiny of those of a meaner Fortune. If we were of that Rank, we should be freer. What ! always Slaves in our Independency ? when shall I be able to say, that I adore you extreamly, because that you are absolutely lovely ? Whatsoever hindrance Interest can bring to our Union, if you are but sensible that I am passionately in love, we shall make them see that our Age is capable of a generous Resolution. Approve, charming Flora, the Engagement that makes you of his Faith, the most faithful of Lovers. Honour me with an Answer.*

The *Queen*, who was a very wise Princess, judg'd by this Letter, of the great Familiarity of these tender Lovers,

vers, and the consequences that it might produce. Her Prudence suggested nothing else to her, only to order the *Governess* to interrupt this Amorous Commerce, as much as decency would allow, and to forbid her taking notice of any thing to the young *Dutchess* concerning the intercepting of her Letter. Whilst *Iphigenia* was busied in answering the *Billet* that she had receiv'd, the *Governess* entred her Chamber. Her unexpected arrival made her put her Papers together with the greatest haste imaginable, and appear'd some time disturbed. After some ordinary Conversation, the *Governess* having purposely brought in Prince *Alphonfus* into the Discourse, the *Dutchess* seem'd very indifferent on that Chapter, and let nothing appear that might betray her Love. That cunning Woman observing by the disorder that appear'd in *Iphigenia*'s looks, that she had been surpriz'd, and that she should be troublesome

blesom if she kept her company long, retir'd to leave her at liberty to betake her self to her former Employment.

This Fair One found her self perplex'd, to make an Answer conformable to the Note; she spar'd her pains, in hopes that one of *Alphonsus* his Sisters Maids would do her the Courtesie to convey a Letter writ the common way, to the Party concern'd. In effect, this complaisant Maid, whose name was *Cornelia*, found opportunity to satisfie her, and to deliver the young Prince her Letter, who immediately gave her marks of his Acknowledgement. This is the substance of the Letter.

The Dutches Iphigenia's Answer.

I F you love me as sincerely as you would perswade me, speak well of Destiny, that makes you born a Prince. Persons of our Rank are born free, or are at most,
Slaves

Slaves but for a very little time. The vicissitude of Seasons will change the face of Affairs. Let us consider for some time. Be you faithful to Love, and he will sufficiently espouse your Interest. I love as much as you love, because I have not a lower Soul, and that I love to the utmost extent. Prince, Adieu.

A Letter written in terms so plain and passionate, strongly flattred *Alphonsus's* amorous inclination, who after that, remain'd some time in Repose.

Although *Iphigenia* suspected not the fidelity of her perfidious Confident, she perceiv'd nevertheless, by the Assidulties that the Queen required from her, and the frequent Visits of her Governess, that they had a spight against her liberty. One day that she met *Alphonsus* near enough at a Comedy, whose motions the Queen observ'd, and studied all his looks, she took so well her time, that she told him,

him, without being understood by any one whatsoever ; *Alphonfus, we shall not be able to see one another again with liberty, but at your Sisters ; reconcile your self to her, and let none but the Maid that has given you my Answer, know of your Reconciliation. I will prepare her Mind, and I will manage your Honour and Interest as my own.*

There was nothing but Love that could perswade *Alphonfus* to that mortifying advance, to see again a Sister that had a thousand times provok'd his Nature. It was the greatest trouble to him in the World, to resolve on it ; and without the meeting with one of his Sisters Maids, which was the Confident of the Dutches's *Iphigenia*, I question if his Love had been able to have carried it above his Resentment. He engag'd this Maid, equally witty and discreet, to encline his Sister afar off, to court his Friendship, in representing to her, that when Heaven could not but have in horror their separation,

separation, it was shameful to see Persons of their Quality and near Relation, live in a misunderstanding, that rendred them the sport of the Court. He promis'd to this Mediatrix to acknowledge her Services, and that if Heaven made him obtain the possession of *Iphigenia*, she might flatter herself with the hope of a considerable Fortune. Now for fear that their Interview should become suspected, he shew'd her the Wife of a Steward of the Kings Household, to whom she might give an account of her Negotiation.

Cornelia instructed in the designs of *Alphonfus*, run to communicate them to the Illustrious Mistress of this *Prince*, who suggested to her the manner whereby she should insinuate her self into the mind of the Princess *Christina*, she counselled her to move this matter the same Evening, that she would come to see this Princess on purpose, whereby she would strongly try her Inclina-

Inclination, in respect of *Alphonsus* her Brother.

Cornelia was playing the fool with the Princess *Christina*, who hid none of her thoughts from her, when she told her that she had had a Dream during which, she found her self the most happy Maid in the World. There was a likelihood that the sight of some agreeable Object had entertained her, and that there passed, during this Dream, something too wanton to be related, since that she made a mystery of it to this Confident, to whom she would never reveal it, what entreaty soever she made. They contested yet agreeably together with that privacy that she permitted to *Cornelia*, when one came to advertise the Princess *Christina* of the arrival of *Iphigenia*, whose Coach was in the Court. She bid her tell her that she thought her self much honoured by her Visit, and that she was ready to receive her.

She

She mounted the Stair-case with her ordinary freedom, when she heard in an adjacent Parlour many Maids laughing at the Tales, which an old Woman told them, who by looking in their hands told them their good Fortune. As she was familiar and beloved by all the House, she stopt there, and inform'd her self of the cause of so extraordinary a Gaiety: She understood it, and pray'd them not to dismiss this Fortune-teller, till that she had spoke of her in the Chamber of the Princess.

The Prince *Alphonsus*, who knew the free humour of his Sister, had suborn'd this Woman, who was famous for her knowledge in *Chiromancy*, even to the foretelling of things to come. He had instructed her in part of his Sisters Life, and ordered her above all things, to predict to her, that dismal Consequences would spring from the misunderstanding that was between her Brother and her.

This

This Prince knew well, that *Cornelia* would serve his Interests, and would yet add as much as was possible for her, to the impression of Predictions; and 'twas this that induc'd him to advertise her to ask for her at the Palace, in case that the *Swiss* should deny her Entrance. This old Woman was beginning to act her part to the satisfaction of the whole house, when *Iphigenia*, that was not pre-acquainted with his design, heard her.

After the ordinary Complements pass'd between these two Princesses, their discourse, after having been some time serious, turning to freedom, *Iphigenia* intreated the Princess *Christina* to be willing to permit the old Woman to come up, who without doubt would afford them diversifement. The Princess, who was not less curious than *Iphigenia*, agreed presently to the Proposition: The old Woman was brought into the Chamber, and there arose an agreeable

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ble Contest between the two Princesses, which should present their Hand first. They were curious to hear the Recital of each others Adventures, and each defended her self from having the first Experiment made on her. *Cornelia*, who was more an Enemy to Gallantry than the Princesses, and who had as well as they, her secret Intrigues, fearing to be forc'd first to pass the Pikes, pretended some occasion to go out; and 'twas this pretence that made them cast their Eyes on her, and order her to present her Hand. She obey'd, and this cunning old Woman told her presently a thousand obliging things, for fear of frightening the Princesses: But as she receiv'd Commands from them not to spare her, she told this Maid, amongst other things, that she was belov'd by three several Persons; by two Cavaliers, and another Person whom she nam'd *Baptem*, and whose Birth equall'd not his Wealth.

Wealth. She added, that she had an inclination for the ugliest of the three, which nevertheless seem'd to her to have something amiable; which made the Princess say, that without doubt 'twas Monsieur such a one; which *Cornelia* so little agreed to, that she forgot even what she was, through the backwardness she shew'd at the earnest demand that was made her, to confess if it was true. *Iphigenia*, who would not vex this Maid, of whose intercession she might stand in need, pretended not to observe her ill humour, and diverted the business so handsomly, that she cry'd out laughing, and addressing her self to the Princess *Christina*, Madam, your Turn's next. This Princess waver'd so very much, and had so great trouble to present this pretended Mirrour of her Soul, that the particular inclination of *Iphigenia*, seconded by the impression of Destiny, made her consent to give her Hand, on condition

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that

that the Princess should follow her Example. This Agreement made between them, the old Woman enlarg'd upon a hundred pass'd Adventures that surpriz'd *Iphigenia* so very much, that she believ'd her truly a Sorceress. She was not for all that, so scrupulous as to fear venturing her Conscience, and therefore she let her make an end of saying all that her evil Genius suggested to her. After having heard a thousand probable things, she had the smarting satisfaction to hear the most cross Prognostications imaginable : *You shall be lov'd*, says she, *and you shall love. You shall sigh only for Objects worthy of you. You shall be perfidious and faithful. You shall furnish Occasion for a Tragedy. You shall obtain the Object of your Vows. You shall be a happy Rival, and you shall lead a happy Life, full of Prosperity and Tranquillity, with the Person that thinks least to obtain you.* So many obscure and

confus'd Predictions pass'd in the mind of *Iphigenia*, for meer Fancies and Prognostications in the Air. Nevertheless, the sequel of this Princess's Adventures justified their truth. But let us pass over to what was made known in examining the Lines of the Princess's hand, the Sister of *Alphonfus*, for whose Instruction our old Woman was sent thither.

The great seriousness which this Princess affected, who had heard too much upon *Iphigenia*'s account, not to fear hearing some disagreeable Truths, disordred presently the old Woman, who endeavour'd to utter none but Events whose Remembrance should extreamly please, till *Iphigenia* having told her, that she would not be satisfied that the Princess had Reserve and Flattery, so that she need not act against her knowledge, she ventured to speak more freely.

All your Wishes, pursued she, are fulfilled ; you shall experience a favourable

ble Destiny, and altogether resembling that of Madam, said she, shewing her the Princess Iphigenia. One thing, nevertheless, is wanting to you, Madam; but unless you expressly command me to reveal it to you, I shall pass it over in silence. One may well imagine, that in stopping thus, she stirr'd up the curiosity of the one and the other. The Princess not being able handsomely to defend her self from entreating her to tell her freely her Thoughts, the old Woman added, with assurance, That it was not very commendable for her to live in misunderstanding with one of her nearest Relations: That the delay of a Reconciliation might be prejudicial to her; and that if she would do Justice to her self, she ought to consider, that this Relation was not altogether to blame; and that in fine, it was her Interest to make some Advances, and to court his Friendship. This confident Declaration, which
 very

very much pleas'd *Iphigenia* and the Maid, surpriz'd the *Princess*, who would know no more, and call'd the old Woman Dotard. She was then dismiss'd. After some Reflections that our Ladies made together upon what had been foretold them, *Iphigenia* took her time to express that she was altogether astonish'd, that this old Woman had been able to reveal the difference of the *Princess* and *Alphonfus* her Brother. The *Princess*, whom such plain Declarations astonish'd not less than the others, could not keep from crying out, *Fables ! Fables ! Conjectures found upon nothing !* *Iphigenia*, who interrupted her, told her, that in truth she was not of opinion that one ought to be superstitious to that point, to give credit to all things uttered, nor to fear very much the application and effect of Predictions : But that nevertheless, it was prudence to use precaution against Events the least dangerous ;

that as for the rest, for what regarded the falling out between her and the Prince *Alphonfus* her Brother, it would always be a thing to be commended in her to dissipate it, or to contribute at least in what depended upon her that the fire of their dissention might be extinguish'd as soon as possible. Although this kind of Lesson did not extreamly please the *Princess*, she receiv'd it, without confusion, from her Friend, from which it came, because she believ'd her not to speak for Interest. *Iphigenia* seeing her not far from an Accommodation, said to her, *Madam*, without having regard to the Chimerical Threats of a Superstitious Old Woman, but purely through a Principle of a Christian Charity, it is necessary that your Generosity now triumph over your Resentment, and that you suffer the Lord *Alphonfus* to repair hither this Evening. I have authority enough over him; and I know besides, that he esteems and loves you

you too tenderly, not to be willing to
 make the first step. I grant you but
 two hours to resolve on it. He shall
 himself do all that I shall prescribe him
 by a Note under my Hand, which Cor-
 nelia shall give him. I am perswaded,
 interrupted she the Princess, that my
 Brother adores you, that he has conceiv'd
 so high an Idea of your Merit, that he
 cannot resist obeying you; that you rule
 all his Motions, not to say, that you
 are the Sovereign of his Heart. I,
 Madam, reply'd Iphigenia, I think not
 advantageously enough of my Charms,
 to pretend to that glory. The Prince
 Alphonfus is altogether judicious, and
 'tis that makes me hope that he will
 give ear to Reason, and not keep him-
 self from following it. The Princess
 relish'd the Proposal of Iphigenia. It
 was agreed on, that Cornelia should
 follow her, and that she should receive
 from her a Note for the Lord Al-
 phonsus.

Iphigenia,

Iphigenia, at her return, took her Pen in hand, and writ, with the greatest diligence, this Word of Advice to Prince *Alphonsus*.

The Billet of *IPHIGENIA* TO

Prince *ALPHONSUS*.

IF your Love ought to be without partition, you ought not, Prince, to be entire in any thing. The House of the Princess *Christina*, will be most favourable to your Vows. I desire this Evening to discourse with you there; fail not at the Assignment. You ought to make the first Advances in the Project of your Reconciliation, because you ought to seem the most generous: go not from my word in any thing. If it is in any manner to humble your self, know that Submissions of this nature are Heroick Treaties; that the Stoicks

will

her will give you the Title of a Valiant
 Spirit, and the Sages that of a Chri-
 stian. A true Lover cannot do an un-
 worthy Action. If he commits any,
 they pass for Virtues, when he relates
 them to the Object for which he fights.
 A, The rest anon. Prince, Adieu.

Cornelia charg'd with this Billet,
 carry'd it to the Lord Alphonfus, who
 knew so well to counterfeit the Re-
 cital she made him concerning the
 Predictions of the old Woman, that
 she could never suspect that she had
 been his Emissary. He promis'd to
 repair to the House after the Play,
 and really did so about Eight a Clock
 at Night. Iphigenia, who had pre-
 vented him there, and who had given
 the last motion to the Resolution of
 the Princess, was no sooner inform'd
 of his coming up Stairs, but she
 went to meet him, and call'd to him
 at the door, My Lord Alphonfus,
 enter without Retinue, and leave below
 your

your Fierceness and Resentment. She
 had hardly finish'd these words, when
 the young Prince, who carried Serenity
 drawn on his Face, and Love in
 his Eyes, appear'd. She inform'd the
Princess of his approach, who rose
 from her Chair of State, and went to
 meet him as far as the Door. Some
 tender Embraces, without many
 words, put an end to their Difference.
 After that moment, there
 appear'd no more Coldness between
 them; and *Alphonsus* entertain'd his
 Sister with as much familiarity, as
 if they had never been at difference.
 After some moments spent in a free
 Conversation, to which *Iphigenia* had
 almost all the while contributed, the
Princess asked the Lord *Alphonsus*, If
 he was yet Master of his Heart; to
 which the Prince answer'd, That he
 had sacrificed it to the Graces of the
 Charming *Iphigenia*: and that lovely
Dutchess answer'd him so tenderly,
 that she had given him her own in
 requital.

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requital. That the Princess sung up-
on the account of this exchange of
Hearts, very much to the purpose, this
Stanza of a Song made upon a like
Subject.

*Burn, happy Lovers, burn in Love ;
See that your Flames immortal prove.
Be you but constant, faithful, kind,
And you'll the sweetest moments find
Lovers ere tasted ; let each Heart
In mutual Love still bear a part :
And Love your Souls will so confound,
In kind Embraces they'll be drown'd.*

The good humour of the Princess
Christiana, excited Freedom in our
two Illustrious Lovers, who began
to tell one another tender things, and
to make Protestations of Fidelity to
each other. The *Princess*, who had
not in so young years a Judgment
ripe enough to discern the Interests
of States compromis'd in the Alli-
ance of Princes, flatter'd at that time
their

their Passion ; and counselled them not to dispute so long time with each other , but to search out the best means to give each other Assurance of their Love.

This Advice, although ill weigh'd, agreed extreamly to the Sentiments of *Alphonsus*. It infinitely pleas'd the Dutchess *Iphigenia*, who conjur'd the *Princess* to agree, that she might come every day to her House to pass some moments with the Prince *Alphonsus*, until that Heaven had appointed their Marriage. The *Princess* very well perceiv'd by this Proposition, that her Brother had not again courted her Amity, but for having the liberty of her House where *Iphigenia* might come alone without giving Umbrage to her Governess, who would not imagine that the Lord *Alphonsus* would so easily hearken to a Reconciliation. In effect she did it with so little noise, that during more than a month our Illu-
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strious Lovers had the convenience
to entertain one another privately, and
to open their Hearts to each o-
ther.

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Nevertheless, as it was difficult
that such a Commerce should remain
secret at Court, where great Persons
are watch'd by as many Eyes as *Ar-
gus* had, and have as many Histori-
ans of their Life, as they have Do-
mesticks; *Iphigenia's* Governess, who
never could meet her at home in
the Evening, having inform'd her
self of the Rendezvouz of our Lo-
vers, went to give an Account to
the *Queen*, of their secret practices;
who obtain'd from the King, that *Al-
phonfus* should not see *Iphigenia* any
more.

Our Illustrious Lovers began but
to taste the preliminary Sweets of
Love, when the Malice of a barba-
rous Fate came to traverse their
springing Pleasure. The *Dutchess*,
to whom the *Queen* on her side had
read

read very disagreeable Lectures, frequented no more almost the House of the *Princess*, for fear to meet her dear *Alphonsus* there, who lost also the habit of coming to the House, not to seem a Rebel to the *King's* Orders. They endeavour'd, the one and the other, to ward so rude a Blow, by the most flattering considerations that Hope could produce. *Iphigenia* did her self so much violence to hinder her Grief from breaking out, that she fell into a drooping that reduc'd her to extreamity ; she kept her Bed fifteen days, during which time, it was not permitted Prince *Alphonsus* to come to comfort her with his presence. Her oppression in the mean time became so prodigious, that in her Raving Fits, with which she was agitated, and which differ'd nothing from Madness, she would not speak but of her dear *Alphonsus*, to whom *Cornelia* made a tender Report of the state of her Health. She was
but

but some days recovered, and went not yet out of her Chamber, when *Alphonfus* who alter'd visibly, and was fallen into a profound *Melancholy*, writ this *Billet-doux*.

MY Heart is without motion, charming Princess, and resents all the Alterations of yours. Are we then so criminal, that they condemn us to death? The *Melancholy* which devours me, gives me it. I expire every time that I hear of your pitiful Condition; and as I inform my self of it each moment, I presume to tell you, that I no longer live. Uphold your self, adorable *Iphigenia*, and let the thoughts of what's to come, elevate you above the present Persecutions. In the deplorable Estate Inhumanity has reduc'd me to, I can yet dispute it even to Death, if I hear that in that little Life is left you, you yet turn your Thoughts towards the faithful

Alphonfus.

Iphigenia steeped this tender Letter in her Tears. She was very desirous in the extremity wherein she was to answer it: But besides, that her weakness would not suffer her to hold a Pen, her Bed was always so besieged with Ladies that made her troublesome Visits, that she could not find the conveniency of discoursing one moment with *Cornelia*, the Confident of her and her Lover.

This Letter reviv'd her Love. She became so impatient to see her dear *Alphonfus*, that so long an absence threw her into a Melancholy that caus'd her Relapse. Her Distemper increased, and her Raving Fits recommenc'd. Her Mind was wholly taken up with the Answer that she would make to her Lovers *Billet*, which she search'd for oftentimes between the Pillows where she had put it. Her trouble appear'd so visible one day to her Spies, that they had the

the boldness to take away from her this Note, whilst she took some Repose, and to put it into the hands of her Governess, who read what it contain'd, and made it be put in its place, for fear of increasing her Distemper. She went in the mean time to give an Account to the Queen, who complain'd of it to the King.

This prudent Monarch, fearing that if any Alliance of this consequence should be made, without the knowledge of the Princes who honoured his Court with their Children, they should be scandalized at it, and recal them home, judg'd it proper to give notice to Prince *Philip Alphon-*
sus his Father, and to the Admiral Father to *Iphigenia*, of the violent Inclination that they had one for the other. This Alliance being advantageous for Prince *Philip*, his Answer was, That he would leave Heaven to act in it : and the Admiral not judg-
 D 2 ing

ing that she had provided for her self to her advantage, he believ'd that it would be easie to divert this Inclination, in giving another Lover to his Daughter. He conjur'd then his Majesty most humbly to be willing to recommend to her the old Duke of *Alvaro*, who was a Lord extremely rich, and whom the fear to meet with a young Heart already dispos'd of, hindred to declare himself to *Iphigenia*.

The *King*, inform'd of the Sentiments of these Princes, sent afresh to *Alphonfus*, to forbid him to see *Iphigenia*, who was then absolutely out of danger. The *Queen* undertook to prepare her to hearken favourably to the Duke of *Alvaro*. This lovely Princess, who at first understood her Intention, told her Majesty, That although it appear'd that nothing in the World ought to be freer than the Choice of a Husband, she had so much Respect and Esteem for the
Lord

Lord that she had propos'd to her, that she would endeavour to fancy him 40 years younger, that she might have more reason to love him. The *Queen*, who judg'd by this Answer, that it was not easie to perswade a young Maid to love indifferently all sorts of Objects, contented her self with this beginning, and made the Amorous Old Man comprehend it would be a hard matter to surprize a place possess'd by a powerful Enemy: That he might nevertheless render his Assiduities to *Iphigenia*, and that he might put in practice all his Industry, to endeavour to make himself be beloved. The *Duke*, who was a little sensible of the weakness of Age, was not capable to remove so many Engines. He went the same Evening to the *Queen's* Apartment, where he had been inform'd *Iphigenia* would be; and it was in her Majesties presence that he made her his first Declarations. It is not to

be believed how wittily this young *Dutchess* answer'd the old *Count*, and how she made him flote between Hope and Despair. She droll'd a long time upon the difference of years, and ended at last with protesting that she loved better a white and experienced Head, than a vigorous and well-made Body.

Iphigenia, who conceiv'd that they had design'd this Old Man for her, was impatient to inform *Alphonsus* of this Comedy. But the promises she had made to the *Queen* to think no more of him, and to have Eyes only for him that Heaven seem'd to have chose for her by the hand of her Father, made her fear to renew with *Alphonsus* a new Commerce. Nevertheless, she run to the House of the Princess *Christina*, to whom she imparted the Adventure, and where she writ these Lines, which she left upon the Table of her Cabinet for her Lover.

The

The Letter of Iphigenia.

They would force me to love a decrepid Old Man; as if Love ought to be enslav'd by Interest. Teach me the Art to feign; for I assure you I am troubled to seem all Fire near a Frost. The good man they propose to me, reckons me his already. But after what a way does he make his Court? He enters, he kisses my Hand, he sits over against me with his Face so near mine, that if he take not care, I shall some day by fetching my Breath with strength, meet with his, and snatch from him his last Sigh. What a Sympathy of Humours, and what a Resemblance of Complexions is here! They say he has need of four or five Blankets, besides a suit of Furs, to keep him warm a Nights in the Month of July. I thank my Fate for furnishing us with any Subject that may contribute to our

divertisement, when on the one side it deprives us of the satisfaction of seeing one another. If you are discreet and constant, none but you must pretend to my Esteem. Beg of Love to furnish us with some new Stratagem and sure Means to put an end to our prohibition, and to content us. You know the hand of her that loves you. This suffices.

As soon as *Alphonsus* entred the House of the Princess his Sister, *Cornelia* put him in mind of the place where he might find this Note. His meeting her, moderated his Sorrow; he read it over and over, with the greatest satisfaction imaginable, and carried it away without having thought it necessary to make an Answer to it.

In the mean time, the Lord *Alvaro* gave no rest to *Iphigenia*, he press'd her, he sollicit'd her, he employ'd the Credit of all those that had any power over the mind of this
Dutcheß,

Dntcheß, he offer'd her a thousand Jewels of value, gave her Comedies, Balls, Serenades, treated magnificently on her account a party of the Ladies of the Court, went not from her house till it was very late, was at her Toilet, and perform'd admirably well all the Devoirs of a young Gallant; during which, she rallied his Weakness: And *Alphonfus*, who believ'd himself only beloved, published every-where, that he was collecting the Memoirs of what passed between the old *Duke*, and the lovely *Iphigenia*, to compile a *Gallant Novel*, which he would call, *The Impotent Gallant*.

Old Age is always distrustful and suspicious. The *Duke* maintain'd very many Persons up and down to watch *Alphonfus*, who inform'd him that he turn'd his Conduct into Ridicule, and that he endeavour'd to render him the Proverb of the Court. This Presumption exasperated the Old Man to such a degree, that he resolv'd

resolv'd to be reveng'd of him. If his Strength had been answerable to his Courage, he would not have employ'd any other Arm but his own to demand satisfaction of *Alphonfus*. Having one day met him two Leagues from the Town, following the first motions of his great Heart, he alighted from his Coach, and obliged *Alphonfus* to alight, with a resolution to fight him, if Count *Angelo*, his Nephew, who was with him, had not taken his Uncles part, who was more than Threescore and fifteen years old, against a Prince that was hardly Nine and twenty.

These two young Lords having drawn their Swords, pusht for some time very vigorously. It was not the Dukes fault, that his Nephew, whom he animated by all powerful Exhortations, remain'd not Master of the Field. He was nevertheless worsted, having receiv'd a very dangerous Wound in the Arm, by which he

he lost very much Bloud. This sad Spectacle, very far from cooling the Duke's Courage, inflam'd it more; he put himself in a posture to second the Wounded, when *Alphonsus*, who was too brave to engage with unequal strength, smiling, pray'd the *Duke* not to oblige him to do an Action which would be always reproachful to him, although even he should have the better of it. Then remounting his Horse, he return'd the same way towards the Town upon a Hand-gallop. The noise of this Rancounter was spread abroad half an hour after, and came even to the Ears of the *King*, who gave command to *Alphonsus* to confine himself to his house, till new Orders.

Iphigenia heard, almost at the same time, the success of *Alphonsus* his Arms. Whatsoever inclination she had for this Prince, she could not but compassionate the *Duke's* Fortune, whose Courage she admir'd. She took

took his part in some sort also against this young Rival, because that she heard that he insolently vaunted of his advantage; she suffered with regret that a young man should insult over one of so great Age, and conceiv'd for the *Duke* as high Sentiments of Esteem, as she had Love for *Alphonfus*. She receiv'd a Visit from that Old Man that very same Evening, where he told her things that touch'd her very much.

'Twas after a serious Conversation that she had had with him, where he had painted out the Advantages she might draw from her Alliance, that she pass'd a part of the Night in meditating upon the *Duke's* Proposals. Amongst other Reflections which she made, she considered that it would be always commendable to obey a Father who was more understanding in Affairs than her self, and who only look'd after her Interests; that the Pleasures of the Bed made not
up

up the greatest Delights of Life ; that if she tasted not presently of those Sweets which wise men accounted but superficial and imaginary, she should yet, after the death of a man within two inches of the Grave, in the middle of her Age, experience them ; that *Alphonsus* pass'd amongst those who kept him company, for a fantastick Spark, and rash ; and that it might be hazardous and troublesome to sacrifice her Liberty to a young man, who lov'd less on the account of Reason than Passion. Sleep having surpriz'd her in the midst of these confused Thoughts , the first that possess'd her when she was awake, was to make tryal by Wit and Address, of the true Temper of *Alphonsus* ; whereby she resolv'd to sound his Heart by an Artifice that I shall tell you, after that I have describ'd the Discourse which she had that day during some hours with the Duke.

She

She took a little rest in the inner part of an Alcove, all alone. She was there reading some pages of a Romance which she had in her hand, when the *Old Duke* was brought in to her Chamber. He sat down by her, and discours'd with her of indifferent subjects, till she fetcht a sigh, which made the Conversation change. He took it for a token of the desire she had to hear him to speak of other matters, and 'twas that made him begin in this sort: 'I know
 ' not, Madam, whether you have
 ' heard favourably the Declarations
 ' of Love that I have made you. I
 ' am perswaded that you would be
 ' sensible of those that should be made
 ' you by Persons of more merit and
 ' fewer years. It is true, that Youth
 ' has powerful Charms, and that old
 ' Age cannot but cause disgust to a
 ' young *Dutchess*, accomplish'd as you
 ' are; but it must also be acknow-
 ' ledg'd, that that has for its share
 ' Tran-

‘ Transports of Anger and Fury, and
 ‘ this, Prudence and good Conduct.
 ‘ It is true moreover, that the first
 ‘ joyns to external Charms the Sub-
 ‘ tilities of Discourse, and that the
 ‘ Language of the other is not very
 ‘ perswasive. Nevertheless, I have
 ‘ this advantage, Madam, above
 ‘ those who may pretend to the ho-
 ‘ nour of your Alliance, that if I
 ‘ explain my self more plainly, I
 ‘ speak with more sincerity. You
 ‘ may believe besides, that if it be
 ‘ my good Fortune to possess you, I
 ‘ will endow you with all the Estate
 ‘ which Birth and Fortune have
 ‘ heap’d upon me. I should be ne-
 ‘ vertheless in despair that the World
 ‘ should one day reproach me with
 ‘ having done violence to your In-
 ‘ clination. You have in your
 ‘ young years more understanding
 ‘ than any Princess of this Court;
 ‘ and therefore you are of your self
 ‘ capable of determining in an Affair
 ‘ of

‘ of this consequence. As for the
 ‘ rest, I can assure you, pursued he
 ‘ laughing, that against the custom
 ‘ of those of my years, I am neither
 ‘ troublesome nor jealous.

Iphigenia, who had till then kept
 silence through respect, answer’d the
Duke with very much modesty, ‘ That
 ‘ she would think upon the things
 ‘ which he had urg’d to her; that his
 ‘ Reasons were very strong; and
 ‘ that in a little time he should know
 ‘ her Resolution. That as for the
 ‘ rest, she was infinitely oblig’d to
 ‘ him for the choice that he was
 ‘ pleas’d to make of her, in the midst
 ‘ of a Court where he might dispose
 ‘ absolutely of the Heart of the
 ‘ Fairest and most Accomplish’d of
 ‘ all those Princesses that made up its
 ‘ Delights. She pray’d him, pursu-
 ant to this Discourse when he took
 leave of her, ‘ to demand of the
 ‘ King the liberty of *Alphonsus*, which
 ‘ would not be refus’d him. I have

' a strong inclination, said she to him,
 ' to tax this Prince of Rashness, to
 ' treat him with Haughtiness, and to
 ' break off with him for ever, as lit-
 ' tle regard as he has to the Lessons I
 ' shall prescribe him.

Although this Intention to break
 with him was only conditional, the
Duke, without troubling himself to
 dive into it, went to demand of the
 King *Alphonsus's* liberty, and to in-
 treat his Majesty to permit him once
 more to see *Iphigenia*; which ha-
 ving obtain'd from his Mercy, he
 went himself to assure *Alphonsus* of
 the King's favour, to conjure him to
 forget what was past, and to inform
 him that the Princess *Iphigenia* desired
 to see him.

This Prince was very much sur-
 priz'd at the Advances of the *Duke*,
 which made him suspicious of some
 Stratagem that he was contriving
 against him. Nevertheless, he thank'd
 him handsomly for the good Offices

E

that

that he had just then done him, and promis'd to go to receive the Orders of the *Dutchess*. He went to her House two hours after, and *Iphigenia* was no sooner inform'd of his arrival, but she dismiss the Company that was with her.

The love which she had had for this Prince, and which was not yet extinguish'd in her Heart, made her seem to feel very much joy at his return: 'Come, said she to him, smiling, 'wicked man, I have many 'things to tell you. Prepare your 'self to hear such as will be disagreeable to you. To which *Alphonsus* reply'd, 'A tender Princess cannot 'speak harsh things; and were I as 'culpable as I am faithful, you could 'not so handle me, that your Mortifications would be of force to make 'me repent of my Crime, because 'you would mortifie me with so 'good a grace, that I should always 'esteem my self Innocent. You are
 ' too

' too presumptuous, added *Iphigenia*,
 ' and I believe you will change your
 ' mind at the Propositions I have to
 ' make you. You may try me, Ma-
 ' dam, pursued he, as much as you
 ' please; I flatter my self to be able
 ' to justifie what I have said. Very
 ' well, continued the Dutchesse, since
 ' you have so strong a Wit, and that
 ' I see you arm'd against all sorts of
 ' Attaques, sit you down there, and
 ' delay not to answer me. They had
 no sooner taken Seats, but she said to
 him, ' The business is, my Lord *Al-*
 ' *phonfus*, that you give your Con-
 ' sent that I become your Rival's
 ' Wife. I believe I need not tell you
 ' that the Admiral is a man solid and
 ' interess'd, who will never consent
 ' to our Alliance; that he will make
 ' me marry the Duke *Alvero*, whose
 ' great Wealth is able to uphold our
 ' Family; and that the King will a-
 ' gree to no other Match. Let me
 ' then do a thing against my Inclina-

'tion: Permit me to put a man in
 'his Grave that cannot live longer
 'almost, that we may be in a better
 'condition to pass our live-times hap-
 'pily and quietly. You need not
 'doubt but to find me always the
 'same in Body and in Mind. Thus
 'I do not properly break with you,
 'I only propose a delay that may last
 'but a very little time.

Although it is true that *Alphonsus*
 did not expect a Complement of this
 nature, having a little consulted with
 himself, and appear'd for some time
 thoughtful, believing himself banish'd
 from the Heart of *Iphigenia*, he
 would shew her that he was as in-
 different as she was changeable, and
 'twas that which put this Answer in
 his mouth. 'Are these, Madam, the
 'Promises of an inviolable Fidelity.
 'Have you so soon forgot the mutu-
 'al Protestations which we have
 'made? Can I believe that you have
 'lov'd, since you now cease from
 'loving?

' loving ? What can I hope from a
 ' Flame which is extinguish'd in the
 ' heat of its vigour ? No, Madam, I
 ' cannot, without dying, see you in
 ' the Arms of a Rival, if you do not
 ' promise me that the Marriage which
 ' you are contriving shall only serve
 ' as a Vail to the Favours which you
 ' will grant me. *Alphonfus* thought
 he might very well insult over the
 Princess's Vertue, since she seem'd to
 have no more love for him. *Iphige-*
nia offended at so insolent an Answer,
 dissembled then and reply'd nothing,
 only that he should have cause to
 praise her Fidelity. They parted
 thereupon dissatisfied with each o-
 ther, insomuch that some Servants
 perceiv'd that *Alphonfus* shook his head,
 and muttered between his teeth at
 the foot of the great Stair-case.

After so surprising a Proposal, *Al-*
phonfus abated much in the Senti-
 ments of Esteem which he had for
 the *Princess*, who became almost in-
 different

different to him; and *Iphigenia* after a Proposition so offensive, shew'd her coldness to *Alphonfus*, who did all he could to turn the *Duke en Ridicule*, and to render the *Dutchess* the Object of the Court-Railery. He compos'd Verses for this effect which he spread every-where, under an unknown Name, wherein he describ'd the ridiculous Fires of an Old Man, and the Infidelity of his Mistress. Here is a Copy of them, agreeable to the Original.

Upon an Old Man in love with
an Inconstant Princess.

AN EPIGRAM.

*A Duke, within two inches of the Grave,
His Head with Snow quite cover'd
o're,*

*To carry on a new Amour,
Uses all means the Fair One to engage.*

This

*This Candle that's just ready to expire,
Is in a Dutcheſs's false Heart
Worthily ſuffered to have part,
Who does againſt his liberty conſpire.*

*She by this means has all her Heart can
wiſh;*

*For Death the Duke will ſoon remove,
And then this Weather-cock of Love,
Who change affects, will chuſe another
Diſh.*

These Verſes made noiſe enough
to come to the knowledge of the
Duke, and of her who was made the
ſubject of them; upon which ſhe
threatned *Alphonſus* to play him an
ill trick for it: he betrayed the Se-
cret which he owed to *Iphigenia's*
truſt in him, and manifeſted his Le-
vity, in making the Letter publick;
wherein this poor Lady declaim'd a-
gainſt the rigour of Deſtiny, which
ordain'd for her an impotent Old
Man. *Iphigenia* outrag'd at ſuch a
proceeding,

proceeding, went to complain to the
 Princess *Christina*, who told her, ' That
 ' she ought to have known better
 ' *Alphonfus's* humour, before she had
 ' trusted him; that he was the most
 ' giddy-headed Lover in the World,
 ' and a young man without discre-
 ' tion, who considered not, provided
 ' he could divert himself, at whose
 ' cost it were; that she was in the
 ' same apprehension on the score of
 ' such a like indiscreet Spark, to
 ' whom she had entrusted something
 ' which she would very fain keep
 ' secret; that it was not very difficult
 ' to make this Letter pass for coun-
 ' terfeit; and that as to the rest, she
 ' should refer her self to common
 ' Report; that Calumny was the
 ' Vice of Courts, and that she should
 ' be before assur'd of the truth of the
 ' Fact, from his own Confession, who
 ' had been accounted the Author of
 ' the Report. *Iphigenia*, who relish'd
 these Reasons, represented to the
 Princess

Princess *Christina*, that to tax *Alphonfus* of it, were to expose her self to new Railleries; that he would be cunning enough to deny the thing, and malicious enough to adde Satyr upon Satyr, and to divert himself with her Fears.

Whilst our intimate Princesses were deliberating together of the means to avoid hazarding themselves with *Alphonfus*, in extorting the truth from him, the *Duke* came to pay a Visit to the Princess *Christina*, with whom he hop'd to find *Iphigenia*, who made her the Repository of all her Secerets. He entred, they discours'd for some time together, every one was in a good humour, when the Conversation having turn'd upon the Chapter of the *Duke's* Marriage with *Iphigenia*, the Old Man to whom she had as it were engag'd her Faith, told her, ' That he was too much her Friend, and too sincere to conceal any thing from her. And drew a
Paper

Paper out of his Pocket which was an exact Copy of the Letter which we have been speaking of, wherein *Iphigenia* shew'd her aversion for the *Duke*, on the back of which *Alphonfus* his Verses were written.

The reading of the Epigram in the first place, mortifi'd *Iphigenia* in the highest degree. But that which confounded her, was the shock which that Letter gave her, which Love had heretofore dictated to her, and which Treachery had now made publick. The Princess *Christina*, who saw her in this perplexity, drew her out of trouble, in making pleasant Reflections upon that Letter. *Iphigenia* believing it would be to her advantage to turn the business into Raillery; grew pleasant in her turn, and own'd to the *Duke*, 'That she ' was the Author of that Letter; that ' in reality, the first proposal that ' had been made her of an Alliance ' with him, had made her wild at the ' time

' time that she had an Inclination
 ' for *Alphonfus*: But that this fault
 ' ought to be forgiven her; that it
 ' was a proof of her Constancy and
 ' Fidelity; that having never had the
 ' honour to have been in his compa-
 ' ny, she had given way too much to
 ' the Impression which his Age made
 ' on her Spirit; and that as the Fire
 ' which is difficult to be kindled, is
 ' likewise difficult to be extinguish'd,
 ' the greater Aversion she had for him
 ' before she knew him, the greater
 ' Esteem she had conceiv'd for him
 ' since she had known him, and that
 ' this Esteem should never be blotted
 ' out. She spoke too well, and de-
 ' fended her self with too much Wit;
 ' not to obtain her Pardon. ~~The~~ The Old
 ' Man tore the Letter, and discov-
 ' ers no more of any thing, but of demand-
 ' ing satisfaction from *Alphonfus*.

They might freely consult of the
 means to be reveng'd of him in the
 presence of the Princess his Sister.

with good

For

For besides that she lov'd him not, the hopes to become the onely Heiress of her Family, made her desire his death. They concluded then that the Count St. *Angelo*, the *Duke's* Nephew, should challenge *Alphonfus*, and that they should decide together the difference that was between them. ' I will go send for him this Evening, said the Old Man; you will inspire him with a Spirit of Revenge; and although I esteem him valiant, I doubt not but he will become a hundred times fiercer, when you shall your self have put your Interests into his hands. It will be an honour to fall in my service, and in the Quarrel of that Person whom I most honour. According to this Promise, the *Duke* withdrew, and left the two confident Princesses at liberty to resume their Conversation.

They judg'd it convenient, after some deliberation, to send for *Alphonfus*,

phonsus, who came to them an hour after. The Princess *Christina*, as soon as he was sat down, began to speak, by asking him, when he would give over abusing his Relations, and when he would leave the World in Repose. He was going to reply something, when *Iphigenia*, impatient, without any transport of Anger, call'd him Perfidious, and put into his hands the pieces of the Copy of the Letter which had been torn but a little before. This Letter was so dispers'd, that he knew not the Character of the Person who had transcrib'd it. He pretended to be ignorant of what it was, and employ'd above half an hour in seeming to fit again the pieces of Paper, though he still plac'd them wrong. *Iphigenia* perceiving that he mistook on purpose, took the pieces again out of his hand, and told him, that they contain'd the Copy of a Letter which she had through confidence writ to him :
That

That she could never have thought that he had been so base to divulge it, and to employ his Pen in composing the most bloody Raileries that could be read. That it could never be any Credit for him to be reveng'd after so base a manner, of a Person whose tender Sentiments he had not been acquainted with. *Alphonfus*, counterfeiting astonishment, seem'd to understand nothing of *Iphigenia's* discourse, and thereupon she her self fitted the pieces of the Letter, so that they might be read. He swore after a great exclamation, that that Treachery should cost the Keeper of his Wardrobe his Life. That that Letter had been stolen out of his Pocket; that he would punish the boldness of the Author of this Crime, and protested that for his part he was innocent of what he was accused of. His Hypocrisie was too visible: His Excuses were not at all receiv'd, and he endeavour'd in vain to justify himself.

self. There was no Trick which he
 made not use of, to dissuade *Iphigenia*
 even to the shedding of Tears: He
 threw himself on his Knees, and ask-
 ed her Pardon for a Fault which he
 would efface with the Blood of any
 Man, and for the expiation of which,
 he would voluntarily give his own,
 were he guilty of it. 'Tis not that
 ' which I demand, said *Iphigenia*, you
 ' will never kill the guilty; if you
 ' spare him who terms himself in-
 ' nocent, we expected such-like Ju-
 ' stifications. Know that I solemnly
 ' retract the Word that I have given
 ' you. Take what's pass'd for a
 ' Foolery; you shall know towards
 ' the Evening the cause for which I
 ' have intreated you to come hither.
 ' To morrow you ----- She was go-
 ing on further, when the Princess
Christina having pull'd her by the
 Arm, made her stop there. *Alphon-*
sus, who understood by half a word
 what she was about to say, rose up
 as

as soon as she was silent, and saluting the company, told her, *To morrow, Madam, to morrow whatever you please.* He thereupon withdrew and was just getting into his Coach, when the *Count de St. Angelo* entred. This Rencounter made him suspect that it was he with whom they threatned him. But he was in no great trouble, and he went home to expect with patience what was meant by that word, *To morrow.*

St. Angelo had scarce presented himself before these Princesses, when *Iphigenia* said to him, ‘ I doubt not, ‘ Sir, but you are already inform’d ‘ what I demand from your generous Friendship ; you know how ‘ *Alphonfus* has offended me, and ‘ how much the Duke has reason to ‘ complain of him : The business is ‘ to demand satisfaction of this injurious Prince. He is valiant, and ‘ will accept all Challenges. If my ‘ Interests affect you, you will not
‘ be

' be troubled that I have made choice
 ' of you as of an undaunted Lord,
 ' whose Courage is universally known.
 ' Are you dispos'd to second my In-
 ' tentions, and to fight for the Duke's
 ' Honour. I am fully resolved of
 ' it, Madam, reply'd the Count, if
 ' you do me right, you ought to be
 ' perswaded of it, before I assure
 ' you of it. Prince *Alphonsus* uses
 ' you after a very uncivil manner.
 ' All the Court blames him, and will
 ' without doubt approve the design
 ' which you project with Justice, and
 ' which I shall endeavour to execute
 ' with all the Ardour I am capable
 ' of. After whatever manner things
 ' go, whose success we cannot fore-
 ' see, pursued *Iphigenia*, I shall be
 ' sensibly indebted to you all my
 ' Life. Send then this Evening to
 ' advertise *Alphonsus* to meet you to-
 ' morrow with his Pistol, accompa-
 ' ny'd with his Second, between the
 ' hours of Seven and Eight, at a
 F place

‘ place which you shall appoint him.
 ‘ You shall find at your Lodging, at
 ‘ the time appointed, the Person who
 ‘ will be your Second.

This was enough for Count *Angelo*, who, besides these Considerations, had on his own score Reasons for Enmity against the Prince *Alphonfus*, with whom he had a hundred times sought an occasion of quarrelling. He took leave of the *Princesses*, after he had testified very civilly to the *Dutchess*, that he had the greatest Obligations in the World to her, that she had judg’d him worthy to maintain her quarrel. *Iphiginia* at last took leave of the Princess, to whom she said, That she was going to think of a Comrade for St. *Angelo*.

This generous Maid (who had more Courage than is usually found in her Sex) believ’d she could not find any Person whatsoever that could revenge her Honour with more Valour than her self. Arm’d with
 the

the resolution of a *Heroine*, she sent to borrow the Habit of a Cavalier, which she put on the next day. She provided a Case of Pistols, of which she made tryal, and took Coach early in the Morning, accompany'd only with a Gentleman Usher, who imagined nothing else, but that she was going to some Hunting Match, whom she dismiss'd as soon as she was alighted at the Count of St. *Angelo's* Lodgings.

That Count, who immediately knew her in this Equipage, was very much surpriz'd when she told him the resolution she had of demanding satisfaction her self of her Treacherous Gallant. He endeavour'd by all the pressings Reasons in the World, to make her alter her thoughts. But he found so much opposition on her part, and so much eagerness, that he was flatter'd with the hopes of seeing her a Conquerour. They both eat a light Breakfast, equipped themselves, moun-

ted on Horseback, and went to the place appointed, where *Alphonsus* was before them half a quarter of an hour.

As far off as *Iphigenia* could discern him, she took her Pistol in her hand, and made him a signal to make ready, not being willing to be detain'd by all the common Ceremonies, for fear of being known. But *Alphonsus* cry'd out, that that was not the custom here; that they ought not to fight without agreeing before on what Conditions. Then they approached each other, and St. *Angelo* having shew'd *Alphonsus* the unknown Cavalier who was to fight with him, he so attentively considered the Face of the Person would duel him, that he knew *Iphigenia* under her disguise. He then chang'd Colour, and our *Dutchess Cavalier* having observ'd it, levell'd her Pistol at him: He escap'd the shot of her Pistol, and having shot off his into the Air, he cry'd out, ' What is
' it

' it you, adorable Dutchesse ! is it you
 ' that would take away my life ? If
 ' I have merited Death, I consent to
 ' lose it, and that you should take
 ' it from me, without disputing it
 ' with you. It will be always glo-
 ' rious for me to fall under the
 ' strokes of a Heroine. *Iphigenia*,
 incens'd then, replied, ' No, Ungrate-
 ' ful, I have not so mean a Soul, as
 ' thou hast a perfidious Heart. "How
 ' thirsty soever I am for thy Bloud,
 ' I am not resolv'd to drink it, until
 ' I have justly spilt it. Defend thy
 ' self like a gallant man ; and if thou
 ' hast any Esteem for me, either de-
 ' prive me of Life, or furnish me with
 ' fair means to, take it away from
 ' thee.

How great a mind soever our *A-*
mazon made appear to fight, she could
 never obtain from *Alphonfus* the sa-
 tisfaction which she desired. The
 Seconds, after their Example, would
 not discharge ; and *Alphonfus* repre-

sented to them, that they could not
 gain Honour in a Combat so singular.
 Our Illustrious *Heroine* did an Act
 which would have been blamed in
 any other but a Woman ; for hur-
 ried away by her spight , having
 clapp'd the muzzle of her Pistol to
Alphonsus' Horse's head, she shot three
 Bullets into it, wherewith he fell un-
 der the Cavalier that rid him. *Al-*
phonsus could not save himself, in the
 fall, from a Sinew-strain, wherewith
 he was incommoded a long time. As
 soon as he was on the ground , he
 laugh'd and said calmly to the *Dut-*
chess, *You have dismounted me, Ma-*
dam, you have bore away the honour of
the Combat.

There pass'd nothing more re-
 markable in this occasion ; each one
 return'd Home ; and this Expedition
 was immediately divulg'd at Court,
 where she was call'd no more the
Dutchess , but the *Handsom Cavalier*.
 The Princess *Christina*, whom *Iphi-*
genia

genia had not pre-acquainted with her design of disguising her self, was extreemly surpriz'd when she heard what had pass'd. She was so impatient to hear the recital of the Adventure from the *Dutchess's* own mouth, that she went to her Lodgings to see her as soon as she had an incling of it. She immediately commended her for the greatness of her Soul, and her undauntedness; and at last conjured her to make her a Relation of the Action. She inform'd her of all the Circumstances of it, and was still discoursing with her on that subject, when *Alphonsus*, who was unwilling to be seen, entred the House by the Garden-gate, and ascended by the back Stairs to the Chamber where they were. *Cornelia*, who had seen him cross a little Court, run to acquaint the *Princesses* with his Arrival, so that *Iphigenia* had had time to hide her self behind the Hangings, from whence she could

I hear the Conversation of the *Princess*
 and *Alphonfus* her Brother. He su-
 spected that his Sister would have the
 curiosity to learn the History of the
 design'd Combat. He told it her
 like a Cavalier, he extoll'd at first
Iphigenia's Courage, whom he after-
 wards call'd a Rash Woman. As he
 was beginning to grow hot upon her
 account, she could forbear no longer :
 She came out from the place where
 she was hidden, and said to him fierce-
 ly, ' If it is true that I have wanted
 ' Conduct, it hath been because I
 ' have spar'd a Coward who did not
 ' deserve to live. But it is no mat-
 ' ter ; it is more glorious to conquer
 ' ones Resentments than to let it
 ' break out. I have shew'd you, that
 ' I am sensible of the Injuries. If I
 ' have preserv'd your Life, when at
 ' the hazard of some light Reproa-
 ' ches, I could have taken it from
 ' you ; I may say, that I have given
 ' you it to leave you time to repent
 ' of

' of your Ingratitude, and that you
 ' may be punish'd as often as you see
 ' her whom you have so basely be-
 ' tray'd. *Alphonfus*, whom the un-
 expected presence of *Iphigenia* had
 not a little surpriz'd, was much trou-
 bled, to reply to the harsh things
 which she had said to him. He no
 more justifi'd himself, and was con-
 tented to reply to her, " Yes, Ma-
 ' dam, I owe you my life, and I be-
 ' lieve you have spar'd it, only to
 ' publish your generosity. I will
 ' own freely to you, that the Passion
 ' to which your Charms had given
 ' birth, hath not been able to brook
 ' a Rival. In effect, Madam, was it
 ' not a very hard thing, to have been
 ' able to boast of having been heard
 ' favourably by the most Accom-
 ' plish'd Princess of *Europe*, to have
 ' been congratulated a thousand times
 ' by all the Court for this Honour, to
 ' have acted nothing that I know of
 ' which hath blemished the profound
 ' Respect

‘ Respect that is due to her divine
 ‘ Qualities, and nevertheless, to see
 ‘ ones self forc’d to give consent that
 ‘ another should enjoy a Beauty for
 ‘ which one had sigh’d all his Life.
 ‘ They are these Considerations, and
 ‘ this Pill so hard to swallow, that
 ‘ hath made me forget my self. Hence
 ‘ our breach of Friendship began :
 ‘ These in fine, are the Considerati-
 ‘ ons that have brought things to
 ‘ the extremity in which they are.
 ‘ What, interrupted *Ipbigenia*, is it
 ‘ not then permitted to put a Lover
 ‘ to the Tryal? Ought you to take
 ‘ things in a wrong sence? My ways
 ‘ of indifference ought, instead of
 ‘ cooling, to animate your Pursuits.
 ‘ I pretended to flie, and you have
 ‘ immediately forsaken me. What
 ‘ Zeal, what Ardour, or rather what
 ‘ weak and feeble Passion, it is then
 ‘ when I seem’d to escape from you,
 ‘ that you should signalize your
 ‘ Love. You ought to pray, conjure,
 ‘ and

‘ and fix by your Fidelity, my pre-
 ‘ tended Inconstancy : You ought to
 ‘ be more assiduous, to write Elegies,
 ‘ to sigh, and shed Tears.

*When a strong Passion doth Mens Hearts
 inspire,*

*And they a tempting Beauty do a-
 dore,*

*They sigh, look pale, and languish with
 desire ;*

*But you nor sigh, or languish any
 more.*

As there is nothing so Eloquent as
 a witty Woman in Love, *Iphigenia*
 had never appear'd to Prince *Alphon-*
sus so Eloquent as that very day.
 After he had heard her, he threw him-
 self at her Feet, and with Tears in
 his Eyes, cry'd out, ‘ Pardon, Divine
 ‘ Dutcheß, pardon. You are inno-
 ‘ cent, and I am culpable ; I will shut
 ‘ my Eyes to all that may make me
 ‘ question your Fidelity. How hap-
 ‘ py

'py should I be, if you were so in-
 'dulent as to account of what is
 'past as a Dream ! How should I
 'bless my Stars, if I could yet enter
 'again into your favour ! Com-
 'mand, Madam, what punishment
 'you please for the expiation of my
 'Crime. There is none so rigorous,
 'to which I will not submit : There
 'is nothing that I will not under-
 'take and perform, if you assure me
 'of my Pardon. He spoke from
 the bottom of his heart ; and his
 Sighs were such infallible Testimo-
 nies of it, that *Iphigenia* was molli-
 fied at the sight of his submissions.
 If he wept, she shed Tears ; so that
 their common Grief became of that
 character which Violence renders
 dumb. She recover'd her self at last,
 and permitted him to pretend to be
 still belov'd.

The Quarrels of Lovers are oft-
 times Motives to, and Renewings of
 Love. *Iphigenia*, after this humble
 satisfaction

satisfaction from *Alphonfus*, lov'd him in appearance more tenderly than ever, at least he flatter'd himself so. He suffered himself to be so strongly pre-possess'd with this opinion, that there was not a day past, but he visited her at the *Princess* her Sisters Lodgings, whither she went every day. Nevertheless, he was too much lost in her favour, to be so easily re-establish'd there. A Passion extinguish'd, is seldom reviv'd in a witty Womans Heart, and those of that character hardly forget the resentment of Injuries once receiv'd. *Alphonfus* his Treason had made a deep impression in *Iphigenia's* mind, and wrought unanimously with certain natural motions, which will grow more sensible in the conclusion to render him the Object of her Indifference.

Alphonfus was alone in the Kings Chamber, when News was brought to his Majesty, that the Duke of *Alvaro*,

varo who had withdrawn two days
 since to his Castle six Leagues from
 the City, died suddenly that very
 day. He thought that at the recital
 of this News he might judge of the
 Dutchess's Inclination on his account.
 He went to her Lodgings at the or-
 dinary time, where he found the *Prin-*
cesses conferring together. He medi-
 tated sometime upon the Air that he
 should affect, and what course he
 should take to acquaint them with
 what he had newly learnt. *Iphige-*
nia observing him more silent than
 ordinary, asked him, What cause
 could render him so melancholy,
 him whom all the World commended
 for his good humour. ' I am trou-
 ' bled, replied he, at a Loss which all
 ' the Court should be sensible of, and
 ' which will, I make no question, af-
 ' flict you. The Duke of *Alvaro* is
 ' dead this morning in the Castle
 ' which bears his Name. I have
 ' learnt the News of it from the same
 ' Courier

‘ Courrier which hath brought it to
 ‘ his Majesty.

Whether *Iphigenia* had never had much inclination for that Lord, or that she would dissemble to make good a Fidelity which was but pretended to Prince *Alphonfus*, she seem’d not to be much troubled for his Death, she only said, That Count St. *Angelo’s* Nephew, who was his only Heir, would be a good Match, and that though he were not handsome, the great Estate which was fallen to him, would very much adorn him. That was all that was said then on the occasion of the Deceas’d, in whom *Alphonfus* lost the greatest, but not the most to be fear’d, of his Rivals.

This *Prince*, who whilst the late *Duke* courted *Iphigenia*, with approbation had had all sort of access to her, fear’d that his Majesty, at the Queens sollicitation, might renew his former Prohibitions to him not to see her. He prevented her, and
 conjured

conjured his Goodness to permit him to render his Assiduities to that *Dutchess*, since he presum'd the *Admiral* the *Dutchess's* Father would no more reject his Alliance. The *King* having learnt that the *Admiral* left to his Daughter the absolute liberty of the choice of a Husband, gratified *Alphonfus's* Request, so that he spent every Afternoon with his Mistriss.

About that time there arriv'd at the Court two young *Princes* from the Borders of *Italy*, Twins, very well made as to their Persons, and able to make a great Figure. They made themselves presently eminent by their Magnificence, and took a pride in conversing with the most Witty of the Court-Ladies. The *Dutchess*, *Alphonfus's* Mistriss, was continually visited by the younger, who had as much Briskness, and as little Judgment, as his elder Brother, who courted the Princess *Christina*,
had

had Wit and Fineness of Thought.

Although this young Prince frequented *Iphigenia* only to pass away some agreeable moments, without carrying his desires further, *Alphonsus* took *Umbrage* at it, and labour'd under so strong a Jealousie, that he fell sick upon it. The *Dutchess* assur'd him, what she could, that she found nothing amiable in that *Neopolitan*; that onely complaisance, and the thoughts that he would quickly leave the Court, made her approve of his Visits. Her absence from the Princess *Christina's* House, whither she went every day before the arrival of those Princes, and the whole Afternoons which she gave to the Charms of that strange Prince's Conversation, made him fear all, from the familiarity which begun to be between them. He proceeded so far, that one day he had the confidence to ask him, If he cast his Eyes on the *Dutchess*, and if he pretended to her Alliance? To whom

whom the Prince answer'd, That he was not yet sufficiently acquainted with Madam *Iphigenia*, to discover whether she would receive Addresses of Love from him; but that he would attempt to push on his Fortune. This Answer threw *Alphonfus* into a fearful Melancholly. All things seem'd to him to concur to destroy him in the Breast of that Fair One; and he really believ'd, by the coldness which she express'd to him, that her Inclinations were only for the Stranger. That handsome *Neopolitan* judging well by *Alphonfus*'s Demand, who had never *Iphigenia*'s Name in his Mouth, that he courted this Dutches, jested at it the very first Visit that he made her. He made a description to her of this Lover's Passion, under a young Lord's name, with whom he said he was acquainted at *Venice*; and being intreated to tell his Name to the whole Company, he sooner hit upon that of his Mistress than his,

which

which he was never able to call to
 mind; which made the Dutchess tell
 him; That he should have imprinted
 it stronger in his mind; but that she
 believed the greatest part of the Hi-
 stories which were related of such A-
 mours, were a little fabulous. As I
 daily read some of this nature, pur-
 sued the, to which I can hardly give
 credit. Here the *Neapolitan* reply'd,
 It is true, Madam, that the Poets
 have feign'd such-like Passions: But
 History will furnish us with an in-
 finity of undoubted Examples in the
 most famous Persons of Antiquity.
 Have we not seen one of the *Cato's*
 forget what he was, and enter into
 an Alliance with a Maid who had
 neither Riches nor Birth? Did not
Pisistratus, the *Athenian* Tyrant,
 marry a Country Girl? What did
 not *Pompey* the Great for *Flora*? Did
 not *Julius Cæsar*, after fifty Battles
 won, yield to the Charms of a *Se-
 neca*? The History of the Death
 of

' of *Anthony*, who lov'd *Cleopatra*, is
 ' sufficiently known to you. Did not the
 ' Conqueror of *Asia* love excessively that
 ' *Campaspe* whom for the overcoming
 ' of himself, he gave to the famous
 ' Painter *Apelles*? To what submis-
 ' sions did not the Charms *Palioratia*
 ' reduce *Philip*? without speaking
 ' of the impression which the Beauty
 ' of *Uria's* Wife made upon the Royal
 ' Prophets heart. Who does not ----
 He was going on still to lay open the
 like Litanies, and as impertinently,
 when the Dutchess interrupting him,
 told him, ' I know not what he has
 ' not done, nor the truth of these Hi-
 ' stories at the bottom; but of what
 ' I know, and of which I am fully
 ' convinc'd, is, that you have an ex-
 ' cellent memory, and that there is
 ' never a Pedant in all this Kingdom,
 ' that dare dispute with you the glo-
 ' ry of having heap'd up more words
 ' in his Head. Have you never heard
 ' that the like Passions are common
 ' to

'to the *Monomotapoez*, and the *Topi-*
 ' *nambri* ? added she. Are there Wo-
 ' men, Sir, as foolish as Men on this
 ' account ? This young Lord not
 having the wit to find out the Dut-
 ches Raillery upon his inclination to
 shew his Reading, fell a laughing, and
 continued his Discourse by an innu-
 meration as fit to be laugh'd at. Wo-
 ' men, said he, Madam, are not ex-
 ' empt from this Weakness ; and if I
 ' remember, *Phædra* lov'd *Hippolitus*
 ' even to excess : *Atalanta*, *Hippoma-*
 ' *nes* ; *Galathea*, *Atis* ; *Egeria*, *Numa* ;
 ' *Circe*, *Glaucus* ; *Penelope*, *Olysses* ;
 ' *Hypsicrata*, *Mitbridates* ; *Portia*,
 ' *Brutus* ; *Julia*, *Pompey* ; *Phocris*, *Ce-*
 ' *phetus*. He stopt, and would have
 staid there, when *Iphigenia* rose up,
 took a Book which lay upon the Ta-
 ble, and having open'd it, said to him,
 ' Listen, Sir ; you know not yet all
 ' this Romance by heart, you forget
 ' that *Semiramis* lov'd *Ninus* excessive-
 ' ly ; *Biblis*, her Brother ; *Mirra*, her

' Father: *Calphurnia*, *Appian*; *Ser-*
 ' *uilla*, *Lucullus*; and others yet,
 ' with which these two Pages are full.
 ' But let us return, I beseech you,
 ' said she, to our first discourse. On
 ' what occasion have you made so
 ' many fine Remarks? On a Prince's
 ' occasion who adores you, reply'd he,
 ' and is horribly melancholy, because
 ' I take the freedom to come to you
 ' so often to pay you my Respects:
 ' On *Alphonfus* his occasion, the most
 ' passionate, and the most jealous of
 ' all your Lovers. How! pursued
 ' she, does that Prince love me at the
 ' cost of his Reason? I can hardly per-
 ' swade my self, that so prudent a
 ' Lord cannot put bounds to Passion.
 ' Let us experiment what you say,
 ' and to that end do you meet me to-
 ' morrow at the Princess *Christina's*
 ' House, and put him insensibly upon
 ' this Chapter, and endeavour to railly
 ' him so fiercely that his Jealousie
 ' may serve for Divertisement to the
 ' Circle

‘ Circle which we shall form. Do you
 ‘ make upon him the Epitaph of a Jeal-
 ‘ lous man. This young Lord, who had
 not yet gained experience enough of
 the World, to foresee that he was go-
 ing himself to become the May-game
 of others, promised the *Dutcaess* to
 prepare himself upon that subject, and
 withdrew very well content with that
 Proposal, and with himself.

In the mean time *Iphigenia* went
 the same Evening to discourse with
 the Princess *Christina*, whom she in-
 treated to agree to a Comedy the
 next day at her house, where a young
 indiscreet Spark and a jealous Lover
 would appear upon the Stage: After
 that, she told her all that was pass’d,
 and ask’d her if the eldest of the two
 Brothers *Manfeldi*, made her no Pro-
 posals, as the Report went. ‘ He has,
 ‘ reply’d the Princess, and such pressing
 ‘ ones, that it is almost no more time
 ‘ to act the Indifferent, without abso-
 ‘ lutely discouraging him; which I
 G 4 should

' should be averse from doing, for the
 ' reasons of good Breeding, although I
 ' have but little inclination for him.
 ' When he sees me not, I am pestered
 ' with his Letters. He hath gained,
 ' through his liberality, all my Do-
 ' mesticks even to *Cornelia*, and all the
 ' World will implant tenderness in me
 ' for that young Prince. I acknow-
 ' ledge that he has Wit, and very fine
 ' Qualities: but in fine, there is not
 ' *I know not what*, which captivates;
 ' and I cannot believe that ever he
 ' will obtain me with my good will.
 ' When the Fancy takes me to marry,
 ' I will make choice of a Prince in
 ' whom nothing shall be wanting that
 ' may render him infinitely lovely to
 ' me, and worthy to be beloved eter-
 ' nally. I should be of your Taste, in-
 ' terrupted *Iphigenia* in this place, ' if
 ' Marriage could charm me; and if I
 ' am not deceiv'd, I know a *Prince*
 ' who hath all that you can desire:
 ' He loves you, he adores you, and
 ' bears

bears you so deep a Respect, that he durst not discover his Passion; and if it does bring him to you one day, it will not be till he shall see you resolv'd to love. What is he, reply'd immediately the Princess, 'can I love an unknown person? She had scarce made an end of speaking, when *Alphonsus* entering the Chamber, diverted their discourse.

Iphigenia had no sooner perceiv'd him, than she told him laughing, 'Poor jealous Creature, they endeavour already at your Epitaph; you are a dead man, if we may believe the Italian *Cadet*. You have a troublesome Rival in him, who will give you no repose. You will be put to the Test to morrow. Prepare yourself to sustain a thousand fine Attacks, for the Enemy who is to engage you, has an infinite stock of Wit. *Alphonsus* taking the word here, said, 'It is then, Madam, since he hath the honour to frequent you, that

' that he hath gain'd it. You are ve-
 ' ry fit to have communicated it to
 ' him. Railery apart, Prince, added
 ' *Iphigenia*, the youngest of our *Neopo-*
 ' *litans* will make you pass for a jealous
 ' Person. He came to me upon your
 ' account to relate a History the most
 ' silly in the World, which was follow-
 ' ed with very many other things yet
 ' more ridiculous. He is a young man
 ' just come from the University, of a
 ' good memory, but wanting yet dis-
 ' cretion and understanding. He is a
 ' presumptuous Novice, who thinks
 ' himself ignorant of nothing. In fine,
 ' he is a pretended Droll, who to mor-
 ' row will turn you into Ridicule.
 ' We will divert our selves with his
 ' Boyishness and Extravagances. Fail
 ' not to come hither to morrow after
 ' Dinner. You shall suffer him im-
 ' mediately to discourse, and lead him
 ' insensibly to the subject that I will
 ' put on foot. Pray, above all things,
 ' do not drive him to a nonplus, but
 ' rather

rather seem to like of all that he shall offer to your consideration. *Alphonfus*, to whom what was said, had restor'd his ordinary Tranquillity, promis'd to execute all that was ordered him by the *Dutchess*. He was about to withdraw the most satisfied of Lovers, when the eldest of the *Neapolitans* sent to ask if the Princess *Christina* might be visited, He came too seasonably not to be admitted. Our two Princesses intreated *Alphonfus* to keep them company a little longer, but he begg'd them to dispense with him, under pretext of having business of the greatest consequence. The *Neapolitan* meeting him upon the Staircase, complemented him, and told him, That he was very unhappy not to have come sooner, because he should have had the advantage of his Conversation for some time. *Alphonfus* made answer to his Civility, and intreated him to put off the Match to the morrow, that some persons would form

a Circle at his Sisters, where he should meet him without fail. Then they took leave of one another, after having contested to whom the upper hand should be given at parting.

The Lover of the Princess *Christina* had acquired Acquaintance sufficient with her, not longer to be oblig'd to all those superstitious Formalities which are observ'd at the meeting of Great Persons. At his entrance into the Chamber he saluted those Princesses, and addressing himself to her who was the Object of his Vows, he said to her, 'Am I not unhappy, Madam, to have desired a hundred times to be in the Prin. *Alphonfus*'s company at your Lodgings, and to have miss'd this day so narrowly the opportunity of satisfying my desire. You will recover it to morrow, reply'd she with the same Familiarity, if you will meet here. Your Brother has promis'd to Regale us with the Recital of some Verses, and some other Gallantry.

As

As this young *Prince* was very Eloquent above all things on the subject of Love, the two hours which he spent in these Ladies company, he talked only of *sympathy* of motions of *Tenderness*, of the means to please, and of the sweetness of a lovely *Union*. He withdrew very late, so that our intimate *Princesses* had very little time to entertain themselves upon the subject of this Lover. Things not being so advanced, but they could discourse of him any other day at their leisure. *Iphigenia* embraced her Companion, and remounted her Coach.

She return'd next day to the *Princesses*, where she was preceded by *Alphonfus*, and follow'd a little time after by the two *Neopolitans*. The Dutchesse *Iphigenia* opened the Conversation, in praying the younger of the two Brothers to keep his word, and to let them see the Epitaph which he had promis'd them on a jealous man. He defended himself sometime by a
 sort

sort of affected modesty, from exposing Verses, of which they would without doubt suspect him to be the Author, and drew them at last out of his Pocket, after having said, *That those that were infected with this Distemper, were doubly unhappy, because instead of moving compassion, they were in the contrary, or rather Laughing stock of the whole World* and put upon themselves a violent grief, not being able to stand the sight of so ridiculous a piece of vanity, but they could discourse of it with ease.

The Epitaph of a Jealous Man.

*Here in this Tomb a Jealous person lies,
 Who of all Sots and Blockheads was
 The Prince; where he is buried,
 His Heart his Mistress purchased with
 Her Eyes,
 His Happiness his Rivals have shared
 In paying the price of the
 And two brothers to keep his word, and
 To let them see the Epitaph which he
 Had printed them on a jealous man.*

Passer-

Passengers, don't his Destiny bewail;
A Jealous man deserves no pity here;
His fears were groundless, yet could
naught prevail
O'er his suspicions, till Death wrought
his Cure.

These Verses seem'd, not to the
 Company ill-turn'd, every one prais'd
 them; and *Alphonfus*, who knew him-
 self the Subject of them, gave them his
 approbation. *Iphigenia* pray'd the
 Author of the Epitaph, to give her all
 the sence which it contain'd; which
 he did more pedantickly than a Regent
 of a Colledge would have done. *Al-*
phonfus remembring the Order he had
 receiv'd the day before, was impatient
 that *Iphigenia* would set a foot the Sub-
 ject upon which she was desirous to
 hear this Parrat discourse. That sub-
 tile Dutcheß had no trouble to bring
 this discourse to the point she desired.
 She fell upon the Subject of Violent
 Passions, which gave *Alphonfus* occasi-
 on

on to ask the Company for Examples of some Persons who had been violently in love. Whereupon the Princess *Christina* taking the word, said, ' That ' History could furnish him but with ' too many Amorous Men for Amorous Women, and so on the contrary. ' But that it seem'd as if Marriage were the Destroyer of Love, ' and 'twas to railly a Wife, but to ' say that she loved her Husband, ' and that she could hardly believe ' there were Women to be found ' who had preserv'd an ardent Love ' for their Husbands. The young *Neopolitan*, who was on fire to display his Knowledge, added, ' Antiquity can furnish us with a very ' great number, and the last Ages ' are not unprovided. Without doubt, ' my Lord can produce some Examples, said *Alphonfus*. ' Yes, my Lord, ' reply'd that young man, who had ' an itch to speak, ' I will, for the ' satisfaction of the Company, relate ' upon

' upon that Subject those which my
 ' Memory shall furnish me with.
 ' *Artemisa* swallowed the Ashes of
 ' her Husband. *Hyppocratea* follow-
 ' ed the King her Husband to the
 ' Army, and fought till Death by
 ' his side. Not to dwell upon what
 ' *Virgil* has written of *Dido* and *An-*
 ' *dromache*; *Panthæa* the Wife of *A-*
 ' *bradates*, kill'd her self upon the
 ' dead Body of her Husband: *Phi-*
 ' *la* the Wife of *Demetrius*, that King
 ' having lost his Life in a Battle,
 ' poysoned her self. And not to go
 ' so high, does not our Age afford
 ' us a Wife who passionately lov'd
 ' her Husband, in that *Isabella*, Prin-
 ' cess of *Salem*, who not being a-
 ' ble to obtain leave to follow him
 ' to the Army, writ to him, that
 ' there passed not a Night but she
 ' embraced him, and tasted the
 ' sweetest Pleasure with him: That
 ' she made Vows for the changing
 H the

‘ the Days which she employ’d in
 ‘ weeping, into Nights, that she
 ‘ might always enjoy his sweet Em-
 ‘ braces. I perceive that this last
 ‘ Wife lov’d a little for Interest ;
 (interrupted the eldest Prince, who
 made a sign to his Brother to con-
 clude, judging those kinds of Narra-
 tions *Pedantick*) ‘ and I believe that
 ‘ all Wives who have amiable Hus-
 ‘ bands, resemble her. The Histo-
 rian held his peace, and ’twas then
 that *Alphonfus* burst out a laugh-
 ing, which put him out of counte-
 nance. This young Prince taking
 his laughing for an Affront which
 he did him, ask’d him if he believ’d
 not the truth of those Histories ?
 whereupon he answered him, That
 he had likewise read them all in a
 Book of Fables, except the last,
 which shew’d more the Character
 of a voluptuous Wife, than of one
 transported by a virtuous Passion.

This

This younger Brother said nothing else, but that Truth would always pass for a Lye, from a Rivals mouth. *Alphonfus*, who understood well enough what he drove at, pray'd him to explain himself. But the prudent *Princesses* fearing that the Dispute growing hot, it might have dangerous consequences, rose up; which made them thereupon break off, and gave them notice it was time to withdraw.

The *Princesses* being left alone, *Iphigenia* addressing her self to her dear Companion, said to her, ' My God! Madam, how self-conceited ' is this young *Neopolitan*? How ' full of himself? Is his Brother's ' Wit as ill turn'd? He is more ' moderate, reply'd she, but his Con- ' versation is somewhat duller, it is ' not lively; and how well made so- ' ever he be outwardly, he has not ' the Secret to please me. But now

' you put me in mind on't, What is
 ' the unknown Lover whom you
 ' now and then discourse to me of?
 ' If you will conceal his Name, draw
 ' me his Picture at least; for I doubt
 ' not but you have seen him. With-
 ' out question, Madam, reply'd *I-*
 ' *phigenia*, and I will satisfy your
 ' curiosity thereupon. Know then,
 ' in the first place, that he is born a
 ' Prince, and that he hath been suf-
 ' ficiently favour'd by Fortune. He
 ' is young, and has never felt true
 ' Love for any but your self. He
 ' loves you, he adores you, he stu-
 ' dies your Humour, he knows what
 ' Temper you are of, and he knows
 ' you as well as himself. He has
 ' Wit enough, which is sparkling,
 ' lively, gay, and loves not trifles.
 ' He is generous and liberal: He
 ' has already given proof of his Cou-
 ' rage in a single Duel. He has a
 ' great Soul, and is as much an E-
 ' nemy

'nemy to Cowardize as Quarrel-
 ling. As to his Person, although
 he hardly is of a middle size, he is
 well set, and has a good Carriage :
 He is a little long Visag'd, his Nose
 a little turn'd up ; he has black
 Eyes, large and even with his Head ;
 and above all, passionate. His
 Mouth is little, his Eye-brows and
 Hair of a bright Chesnut, and of an
 admirable gloss. This is some-
 what near his Picture ; to which
 I thought to adde, to turn it to the
 light, that he has very much Love
 and Tenderneſs ; that you are the
 ſolely Object of his Vows ; that he
 ſighs continually at the ſight of
 your Charms, and that the admi-
 ration of your Divine Qualities,
 make him ſo fearful, that he has
 not dar'd to declare his Paſſion to
 you. You draw me a Picture ſo
 charming in the Graces, that di-
 ſtinguiſh this unknown Lover, in-

' interrupted the Princess, that I can-
 ' not but give the Lye to Poets,
 ' who maintain that an unknown
 ' Object cannot excite Motions of
 ' Love. I love this Prince; and
 ' since we may speak freely together,
 ' the favour I have to ask of you,
 ' is, to inspire him with Courage,
 ' that I may have the satisfaction to
 ' see him speedily. I will endeavour,
 ' reply'd *Iphigenia*, to raise him a-
 ' bove that respectful Fearfulness
 ' which retains him; and I will as-
 ' sure you, that to morrow he shall
 ' have the honour to entertain you
 ' in Person, or by Letter. You can-
 ' not, added the Princess, oblige me
 ' more, than to procure me one of
 ' his Letters, if you cannot make
 ' him resolve to come to see me. I
 ' shall judge by his Writing, if that
 ' Prince has Sentiments as tender as
 ' you have told me. To morrow
 ' then, Madam, you shall hear of
 ' him,

him, said the Dutcheſs, retiring her ſelf.

The Picture of ſo accompliſh'd a Lover, made ſuch an impreſſion on the *Princeſs's* Spirit, that ſhe was employ'd with it all Night, inſomuch that the eldeſt of our *Neopolitans*, who fail'd not a day of giving her marks of his Love, preſenting himſelf in the Morning at her *Toilet*, found her thoughtful, and very cold. This young *Prince* having never obſerv'd in her any inequality of Humour, was extreemly ſurpriz'd to meet with ſo much indifference: But as a Lover always flatters himſelf, he thought that the *Princeſs* would try his Love; which made him tell her, That in her melancholy Fit, and her gay Humour, ſhe was equally amiable.

The firſt Coldneſs put not this Prince in trouble. He examin'd himſelf upon what he might have done,

which was displeasing to that Fair
 Ones Eyes, and thinking himself
 guilty of nothing, he believ'd that the
 day following might change her dis-
 position.

In the mean time *Iphigenia*, who
 was engag'd to bring a Letter to the
Princess, writ one, which she caus'd
 to be transcrib'd by a young Gentle-
 man who giv'd not at all into the
 Commerce of her Pleasures, and who
 judg'd only that the Dutchess had a
 mind to divert her self. The Letter
 contain'd what follows

The

The Unknown Lover

To the Princess,

The most worthy to be belov'd.

MY Name and my Person, Divine Princess, are sufficiently known to you. You are not ignorant of the disposition of a Prince's heart, who would esteem himself infinitely happy, if he could make you understand to what extremity your Charms have reduc'd him. But how should he draw you a Passion of the Character of his? I acknowledge that as accomplish'd as you are, you are neither disdainful, nor insensible, and that I may freely discover my Love to you. But who shall assure me of Life? one Refusal, or the defect even of the return of your Tenderness, being capable to give me Death.

Death. I have a hundred Reasons to prohibit me your House. Some Princes adore you; and I am the Subject of the Pursuits of a tender Love. I can only sigh then, Madam, till Heaven disposes of my Destiny, and inspires you to be altogether favourable to the most faithful and passionate of your Lovers.

Iphigenia found the *Princess* in the expectation of the Letter, whereby she should understand the Sentiments of her unknown Lover. Having receiv'd it, she read it with an incredible satisfaction. It had such an Effect upon her Spirit, that she became so impatient, and so curious to see him who was the Author of it, that nothing could entertain her so agreeably, as the repetition of the Promises which *Iphigenia* made her of making him resolve to come to kiss her hands. She believ'd she ought

ought not to answer this Letter. She imagin'd that the *Dutchess*, who would not divert her from her Love, was but too capable to assure that unknown Prince, of the esteem that she her self had made her conceive for him. Wherefore she contented her self to pray her to animate his Resolution, to flatter him with some hopes, and to perswade him to become as bold as passionate.

The young *Neopolitan*, impatient to try if the *Princess* were on his account what she had been the day before, came to ask if he might have the honour to visit her. But she was so employ'd in thinking on the *Billet* which she had receiv'd; that she sent him word she was indispos'd. Although this Answer was an ill Omen to him, he nevertheless did not despair of his Destiny, since he saw not any Person haunt her House, whom he might fear to be his Rival.

val. He return'd the next day to the Charge, and had the freedom to entertain the *Princess* in discourse; whose Answers, for the most part, shew'd absence of mind. He ventur'd to tell her, That he believ'd there was some Accident befallen her, which carried away her Thoughts. But he could not draw any thing from her; only that she was taken up with considering with her self whether having made choice of an Object she could be capable to love always. but he had been told that she was This was an *Enigma* to our young Lover, whom she intreated to leave her some days at liberty. He went away, overwhelm'd with the most cruel Melancholy that can be imagin'd, and was going to abandon himself to his despair, when he met an old *Chaplain* of his Nation, to whom he discovered all the Secrets of his Soul. He pray'd him to assist him

him with his Councel, and ask'd him if he knew what he might do to please. This old Fox, who had almost the direction of all the Consciences of the Court, had experience enough to be able to give him some advice. He asked him first, if he had sufficiently studied the Humour of her whom he lov'd, to have discovered if his manner of Apparel, and his Trimming pleas'd her; and above all things, if his Garniture were of the colour which she lov'd, or was such that it might discover to her his Disposition. And he answering, That he had follow'd in that onely the Mode, and Chance; the other reply'd to him, That those sort of things, when we have fine Qualities besides, have a great power to shake the resolution of a Maid; whom the least Trifle may surprize. To instruct himself in the-virtue of different Colours, this *Prince* led the

the *Chaplain* into the Kings Garden, where, in four or five turns of an Alley, he learnt from him the meaning of the several sorts of *Symbols*. See here how that old man explain'd them to him.

White, which is the most simple of all Colours, bears the character of *Purity, Innocence, and Sincerity*.

Black shews *Perseverance*, because it cannot be defac'd by any other Colour.

Red denotes *Revenge*. It frights a Rival.

Brown, and all dark Colours, represent *Patience*, and a serious Temper.

Carnation represents, extreamly well, the Grief which we feel for a lost thing, which we hope to recover.

Aurora Colour is a sign of *Joy*.

The

[III]

The clear *Violet* Colour, the *Gremlin*, and the *Peacock* Colour, is proper to inspire Love; they call it the Livery of *Venus*.

Azure is a Token of Fidelity, because it corresponds to Heaven, which appears always the same, when it is not obscur'd by Clouds.

Grey or *Ash* Colour, expresses Melancholy or Sadness.

Green has always represented Hope, as the *Fille-mot* Despair.

Our sad Lover minded not the old man had finish'd. He interrupted him here, and ask'd how he figur'd *Indifference* and *Despight*. ' By
' a mixture of all Colours, reply'd he.
' Good, reply'd the Prince. But at
' last, before I make use of this last
' Symbol, which of these Colours
' will suit me best, the *Carnation*, the
' clear *Violet*, the *Blue*, or in fine,
' which of all the others? It is not
' very

' very easie for me, reply'd the Cha-
 ' plain, to satisfie you positively there-
 ' upon. The choice which you
 ' ought to make, depends very much
 ' upon circumstances, which you
 ' must have examined before. A
 ' Lover ought not only to consult
 ' himself and his Passion, but he
 ' ought to know perfectly the Tem-
 ' per of her whom he would please.
 ' *White*, as that which is mingled
 ' with it, sympathizes with the hu-
 ' mour of *Phlegmatick* Persons. The
 ' melancholy Ladies love *Black*, and
 ' all which tends towards that Co-
 ' lour. *Red*, and all that comes near
 ' that Colour, is seen with pleasure,
 ' by those in whom *Choler* predo-
 ' minates: And *Sanguine* Complé-
 ' xions regard willingly *Blue*, *Carna-*
 ' *tion*, and *Gredelin Aurora* Colours,
 ' and all that are clear and shine.
 ' What! must one make all these
 ' observations, added the Prince? As
 ' far

‘ far as I see, one must be a good *Phi-*
‘ *losopher*, to please. Without questi-
‘ on, reply’d the Old man, one must
‘ be very perfect in Physick, or other-
‘ wise instead of gaining the glory of
‘ having pleas’d, one is expos’d to the
‘ discontent of being turn’d into *Ridi-*
‘ *cule*. But, Sir, reply’d he, if the
‘ Princess for whom you sigh, hath a
‘ good Wit, as I question not, it is pro-
‘ bable that if she hath look’d on you
‘ favourably heretofore, and that she is
‘ grown cold, without your having
‘ given her cause, you have a Rival.
‘ And ’tis what may put you to some
‘ trouble to discover. If you are not
‘ too scrupulous, I can shew you a
‘ Person, who without doubt can in-
‘ form you. Is he a Sorcerer, inter-
‘ rupted the Prince? He passes for such
‘ a one, continued the Old man; but
‘ I, who believe it not, I look upon
‘ him as a man who through the know-
‘ ledge that he has in Natural Causes,
‘ can with the help of certain Sands,
‘ I ‘ who

' who have receiv'd the illustration of
 ' certain Stars, in a certain situation, and
 ' under a certain Aspect ; to smoothe
 ' certain pieces of Earth with melted
 ' Flint-stones, which by virtue of cer-
 ' tain blasts, can render Objects at a di-
 ' stance present ; and above all, repre-
 ' sent all sorts of Letters, which have
 ' not been torn. So many *Certain-*
 ' *ties*, said the Prince, laughing, pro-
 ' mise me a very *uncertain* knowledge.
 ' Nevertheless, pray shew me the
 ' Lodgings of this great Philosopher.
 The Old man having inform'd him
 where he dwelt, he went thither all
 alone the same Evening, where he re-
 ceiv'd the satisfaction which I am go-
 ing to relate. This *Magician* having
 led him, without Light, into a Cave,
 and having forthwith asked him if he
 were afraid, and the Prince having an-
 swered with assurance, that he was
 not, he drew a Circle with Cole, in
 the middle of which he plac'd him.
 Having after that, drawn out a certain
 dark

dark piece of Earth out of a hole which he enlighten'd with certain Ashes ; and after some intelligible words , which frightened the *Prince* a little, who wou'd have been very willing not to have been there, he made appear to him, through that transparent Body, the Letter which the *Princess* his Mistress had receiv'd; which he read from end to end. And this was all the knowledge which he could receive from the *Magician*, whom he satisfied according to his desire.

He had learnt but too much for his Repose ; his Troubles increas'd. The Idæa of an unknown Rival, added to his despair. He return'd to see the Princess, and found her still the same ; he gained all her Servants ; he turn'd Spy himself ; he posted Sentinels all round the House, and could not discover him who disputed his Love with him ; sometimes he is hot, and sometimes fearful. He becomes a Prey to a deadly Melancholy, and

has recourse again to *Magick*. He requests a Charm, and gives his consent and all things necessary to the composition of a *Pomatum*, which he designs to convey by stealth upon the Princesses *Toilet*, from whence he took away for this purpose a little Pot which he caus'd to be fill'd with the following Ingredients, *viz.* the Scrapings of Skins, the Cuttings of Hoofs, and Hairs imperceptibly cut off, burnt, and calcin'd with some drops of a certain Liquor, the whole at last mingled and incorporated with Sope, and common sweet Powders; which Pot he cunningly substituted in the place of the other, and whose vertue had no Effect.

Alphonsus on his side agreeably persecuted *Iphigenia*, who upon the great change of her outward Dispositions, chang'd also her Inclinations, and entertain'd him with fair hopes, whilst she endeavour'd to inspire the *Princeß* with Love for the *Unknown*. She made

made her from day to day more exquisite descriptions of that *Princess's* Passion, of which she express'd herself to be sensible; when at last overcome by her Prayers, she engag'd to bring him to her on the morrow in the Evening. The *Princess* impatient to see the *Cavalier*, conjur'd her by the Union that was between them, to procure her the satisfaction of seeing him, and promis'd her, provided he was such as she had describ'd him, to hearken favourably to his Passion.

As soon as *Iphigenia* was return'd home, whether she had carried *Cornelia*, she sent her to seek for the best Taylor of the Court, whom she made to take measure of her, and to whom she gave private orders to make her a magnificent Habit, with its Ornaments, by Eight a Clock the next Night exactly, and to bring her choice of all things necessary to equip a Cavalier for a Ball. The Taylor ac-

quitted himself with an admirable diligence of his Commission. The *Dutchess* sent all the Equipage to *Cornelia*, whom she had prepar'd to receive it, and went to dress her self in her Chamber, from whence she sent to demand if a strange *Prince* might be admitted to make his Complements to *Madam*. The Princess, who expected, according to *Iphigenia's* promises, an unknown Lover, sent to meet this *Prince*; she was much surpriz'd to see him enter alone, believing that the *Dutchess* would have bore him company. She advanced some steps to receive him, made a Seat be given him, and ordered her Attendants to withdraw, to enjoy all alone the pleasures of this new Lovers Conversation, who began thus: ' You see, Madam, the Person
' that the *Dutchess Iphigenia* has discour'd of to you, according to
' what she has told me; she has made
' you a description of me which scarce
' resembles

' resembles me. 'Tis the Effect of a
 ' bountiful Inclination, to which I
 ' shall be oblig'd all my Life. As e-
 ' loquent as she has been upon the
 ' subject of my Passion, she has ne-
 ' vertheless not amplified it, it is such
 ' that I my self who feel it, cannot
 ' describe it to you.

She had not finish'd speaking, when
 the Princess, who knew her again
 under her disguise, reply'd to her
 thus: ' I have always well presum'd,
 ' Sir, that you were a Railleur who
 ' sought to divert your self. But I
 ' should have been troubled to per-
 ' swade my self that you had been
 ' desirous to push your Raillery so
 ' far. It is no matter; I find you
 ' lovely, and I am very ready to se-
 ' cond your Passion. Give me your
 ' hand, Princess, said the Dutchess
 ' then, and promise me that you will
 ' keep your word. The season of
 ' the Carnival, which invites us to
 ' Joy, leaves us but just time enough

' to execute the Thing. I intreat
 ' your company to morrow at the
 ' Comedy which I will cause to be
 ' presented before all the Court, and
 ' my Lord your Father. I will ap-
 ' pear such as I am, and in the Con-
 ' clusion we will finish the Ceremo-
 ' nies of our Marriage.

The *Princess*, who imagin'd no-
 thing less than what hapned, believ'd
 always that the Propositions which
Iphigenia had made her, on the score
 of an unknown Lover, were not
 feign'd; that she would one day de-
 clare what he was, and that in the
 mean while the time of *Shrovetide*
 would permit extraordinary Diver-
 sions. This made her give her Hand;
 pursuant to which, *Iphigenia* went to
 give order for all that was necessary
 for the celebration of their Nuptials
 on the morrow. She went to the
King's Apartment, the *Queen's*, and
 all the *Princes* Lodgings, to pray
 them to honour that solemn Feast;
 who

who expressed themselves to be well satisfied with the divertisements which the *Dutchess* would procure them. All the Court were at the Comedy, and afterward went to the Dutchess's House, where there was a splendid Supper provided.

Iphigenia travesty'd *en Carivleer*, and the Princess *Christina* receiv'd there, with the consent of their Majesties, all the Complements of the Court. The Articles of Contract were exhibited after the Regale on All the Court, after the King's Example, and the Princess's Father himself subscrib'd it. The rest of the common Formalities were observ'd. Our Lovers mutually plighted their Faith to each other, and the Action was finish'd, at which the eldest of the *Neopolitans* and *Alphonsus*, shew'd all their good Humour.

The Dutchess *Iphigenia* and the Princess her Spouse, bore the quality of King, and the other *Queen* at the Ball

Ball which followed. During the three hours which it continued, a witty Poet met them, presented them with an *Epithalamium*, whose Composition was approv'd of. It was propos'd to conduct our new-married People to Bed. The *King* accompany'd them to the Chamber which had been prepar'd for them, at the door of which, it was believ'd that the last Scene would have a conclusion. They were notwithstanding undress'd, and the Princess tyr'd as much with Dancing, as with the other Exercises of the Day, put her self to Bed with *Iphigenia*, who instructed her with admiration in what she was ignorant of till then. The Curtains have robb'd me of the rest. What? What we may believe as a Truth is, that the Bride was very much surpriz'd to find that Nature, liberal to *Iphigenia*, had indow'd her with both Sexes; that our Illustrious *Hermaphrodite* had obtain'd from the bounty of a laudable Stock,

Stock, what the weakness of a tender Age had scarce made her sensible of; that the Court inform'd of the Fact, at the sollicitation of the Bridegroom's Father, who was very sure of things, took all that had been done for substantial and authentick; and that in fine, by the Alliance of this *Gallant Hermaphrodite*, *Alphonsus* had his Sister for his Rival.

F I N I S.
